John Spenſer a Cheſhire Gallant, his life

and repentrance, who for killing of one Randall Gearwas lately executed at *Burſord* a mile from *Nantwich*. To the tune of a Stanbing Sleepe.

KInde hearted men, a while giue eare
and plainely I'le vnfolde
The ſadneſſe of that euent yet,
by mortall men was tolde.
One Spenſer braue, of Cheſhire chiefe,
for manie a braue exployte:
Yet liu'de vnto his Countreys griefe,
his good with ill rewarde.

At Acton neere Nantwich was borne
this man ſo famoſe all;
Whoſe chiefeſt care, braue exercile,
was not accounted ſmall:
For bearing of the warre-like Drumme,
no man could him ſurpaſſe:
For vaunting, leaping, and ſuch like,
in Cheſhire neuer was.

For ſhooting none durſt him oppoſe,
he would arme ſo faire and right;
Yet long he ſhot in crooked Bowes,
and could not hit the white:
For ſtriuing ſtill more things to learne,
the more he grew beſide;
No Shomaker but Spenſer braue,
by women was ſo prouide.

Theſe qualities did draw his minde,
from reaſon quite and cleane.
And wilely hee'd forſake his wife,
for the loue of euery Queane:
By Women he maintayned was
in paſtill fine and braue,
Iohn Spenſer could no good thing want,
for he could but aſke, and haue.

In Sutes and Sattins would he goe,
none might with him compare;
No faſhion might deuiſed be,
but his ſhould be as faire;
When as (God knowes) his wife at home
ſhould pine with hungry griefe,
And none would pitty her hard caſe,
or lend her ſome reliefe.

Whilſt he abroad did ſtaunt it out
amongſt his luſtfull Queanes,
Poore Ione did ſore the greateſt doome,
without either helpe or meanes.
Thus long he liued laſt to vſe,
euen out of all that good,
Vntill the Diuell [illegible]
he did what Sathan [illegible]

One Randall Ge[illegible]
with Spenſer [illegible]
And he [illegible]
would not [illegible]
But about the [illegible]
to which he [illegible]
He vowed [illegible]
or elſe he [illegible]

This anſwer Randall Gearwas by,
which Spenſer [illegible]
And being [illegible]
ſaid Randall [illegible]
Then [illegible]
and [illegible]
And at the laſt [illegible]
his Body [illegible]

Then Spenſer was in priſon caſt
his faults well ſaw he by,
For [illegible] he them proued bold,
and none [illegible] him:
That manſlaughter, he found was well
of all men ſcorne and hate,
And ſome did follow Law ſo farre,
his ruine proue Spenſer deare.

For though he hit him by miſchance,
yet Law him ſo abidates.
That for the vanquiſhed blow,
he there was hanged in Chaines.
He that was ſlaine, had many friends,
the other had not one.
Therefore the Law, on that ſide went,
and the other was orethrowne.

He being dead, two white wyte Doues,
did houer ouer his head,
And would not leaue that peerileſſe place,
after he three howres was dead.
Two white white Butterflies did light,
vpon his Breeches there:
And thus Confronting peoples ſight,
to their amaze and feare.

Though he was wilely bent in life,
and hanged the Law to quit:
Yet he was ſaued away by his wife,
and Buryed in the night.
His true repentance is eppeck,
within the ſecond part:
With all his Sinne he hath confeſt,
when troubled was his heart.

FINIS. by Thomas Dickenſon.

John Spenser his Repentance in Prison, Written with his owne hands as he lay in Chester Castle. To the same tune.

KInd Youngmen all to mee giue eare,
obserue these lessons well;
For vndeserued my death I tooke,
and sad is the tale I tell.
I prisond pent, I lie full fast,
sure Heauen hath decreed:
That though I thrined yet at last,
bad fortunes should proceed.

I that for practise passd all,
in exercises strong,
How here for one offence but small,
been pent in Prison long.
Kind Countrymen take warning take,
Being bad, amend your liues,
For sure Heauen will them forsake,
that doe forsake their wiues.

I haue a wife, a louing wife,
a constant, and a kind;
Yet proud of gifts, I turnd my life,
and false she did me find.
Heauen shewed his part in making me,
proper in limbes and face,
Yet of it I no time vsemade,
but reapt thereby disgrace.

For being proud in dancings art,
most womens loues I gaynd:
By them a long time was my life
in gallant sort maintaynd:
No Mayden young about the towne,
but ioyfull was to see
The face of *Spenser*, and would spend,
all for to daunce with mee.

I spent my time in Reuoling,
and prodigally led my life,
I had my choyce of damsels fayre,
what card I for my wife,
If once she came to intreat me home,
Id kick her out of doors,
Indeed I would be ruld by none,
but by intising whores.

At length being pledging of a Glasse,
my hopes I did confound:
And in my rag I feld my friend,
with one blow to the ground.
For this offence, he being dead,
and I in Prison cast:
Most voyd of hopes this rashing hand
hath Spensers name disgrast.

None but my wife will visit me,
for those I lou'd before,
Being in this sad extremity,
will visit me no more.
No helpe I find from these false friends,
no food to nurish my life:
Now doe I find the difference twixt,
twixt them and a constant wife.

But she poore soule, by my bad meanes
is quit bereft of all:
She playes the part of a Constant wife,
although her helpes be small.
Young men, youngmen, take heed by me
shun Dangers, Brawles, and Strife:
For though he fell against my will,
I for it loose my life.

O liue like men and not like me,
of no good gifts be proud:
For if with you God angry be,
from his vengeance no sight can shrowd.
Make vse of what you haue practisd
and not in vitious meanes, (well
If in rare gifts you do excell,
yet trust not Vitious Queanes.

For lust doth fully fill their Vaynes,
and apt they be to intise:
O therefore shunne their company,
like good men shall be wise.
Example truely take of me,
all Vitious courses shunne:
For onely by bad company,
poore Spenser is vndone.

FINIS. by John Spenser

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